S. T. Coleridge

METRICAL TALES

and

Other Poems.

by

Robert Southey.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

These Poems were published some years ago in the Annual Anthology. They have now been revised and printed in this collected form, because they have pleased those readers whom the Author was most desirous of pleasing. Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things.

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Metrical Tales.

GOD's Judgment on a BISHOP.

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

It hapned in the year 914, *that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto once Abbot of Fulda was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonafacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and like a most accursed and mercilesse caitiffe burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety, was because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty the just avenger of the poor folks Quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous Tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an Army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate thinking*

that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of * *Bing, and is commonly called in the German Tongue, the* MOWSE-TURN.

Coryat's Crud. P. 571, 572.

Other Authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

---

* Hodie Bingen.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great Barn repair
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great Barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he,
And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn
And the Rats had eaten all your corn.

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly, quoth he,
Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, . .
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!

I'll go to my tower in the Rhine, replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high and the shores are steep
And the tide is strong and the water deep.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his Tower in the Island and barr'd
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes; . .
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd; . . . it was only the Cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sate screaming, mad with fear
At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up thro' the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

The PIOUS PAINTER.

The story of the Pious Painter is related in the Pia Hilaria of Gazæus, but the Catholic Poet has omitted the conclusion. This is to be found in the Fabliaux of Le Grand.

THE FIRST PART.

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
Like Job who eschewed all evil.
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were Angels, compared to the Devils he drew,
Who beseiged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue!
You could even smell brimstone their breath was so blue,
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the Artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son,
Many Devils already the Artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled thro' the air
At seeing it paus'd on the wing,
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their King.

Every child at beholding it shivered with dread
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.
Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,
Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay;
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

You rascally dauber! old Beelzebub cries,
Take heed how you wrong me again!
Tho' your caricatures for myself I despise,
Make me handsomer now in the multitudes eyes,
Or see if I threaten in vain!

Now the Painter was bold and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance.
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He's ready as soon as 'tis light.
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old Wicked One quite.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of the nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale,
And that the identical curl of his tail, . .
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait compleat to his mind!
He touches again, and again gluts his sight,
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
The Original standing behind.

Fool! Idiot! old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke
And stampt on the scaffold in ire.
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher.

Help.. help me! O Mary! he cried in alarm
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm,
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied
And cursed his own fruitless endeavour.
While the Painter call'd after his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried,
I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!

The PIOUS PAINTER.

THE SECOND PART.

The Painter so pious all praise had acquired
For defying the malice of Hell;
The Monks the unerring resemblance admired:
Not a Lady lived near but her portrait desired
From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number among.
Of features most fair to behold;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
Marguerite she was lovely and lively and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

O Painter avoid her! O Painter take care!
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
The net is made ready, O Painter beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
On the Artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue!
There's a look that he cannot express;..
His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue,
More and more on the Lady he fixes his view,
On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look that fair Marguerite gave!
Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never attempted an Angel before, ..
St. Anthony help him and save!

He yielded alas! for the truth must be told,
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate.
It was settled the Lady so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband so ugly and old,
With the Painter so pious of late!

Now Satan exults in his vengeance compleat,
To the Husband he makes the scheme known,
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet,
Together they fly, they are seiz'd in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she!
On a sudden he saw the Old Serpent arise,
Now you villainous dauber! Sir Beelzebub cries,
You are paid for your insults to me!

But my tender heart it is easy to move
If to what I propose you agree;
That picture, . . be just! the resemblance improve,
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
And you shall this instant be free.

Overjoyed, the conditions so easy he hears,
I'll make you quite handsome! he said,
He said, and his chain on the Devil appears,
Releas'd from his prison, releas'd from his fears,
The Painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before;
The people beheld him, the culprit they took;
They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon; behold in his place
In the corner old Beelzebub lay.
He smirks and he smiles and he leers with a grace,
That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face
Then vanish'd in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter, I trust you'll suspect me no more,
Since you find my assertions were true.
But I'll alter the picture above the Church-door,
For I never saw Satan so closely before,
And I must give the Devil his due.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR,
AND WHO SAT THERE.

Merrily merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at the church-door.

Richard Penlake was a chearful man,
Chearful and frank and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience availed no longer,
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
To sit in St. Michael's chair ;
For she should be the mistress then
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
They thought he would have died ;
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life
As she knelt by his bed-side.

Now hear my prayer, St. Michael ! and spare
My husband's life, quoth she ;
And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee.

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundily sick was he ;
Save me St. Michael and we will go
Six marks to give to thee.

When Richard grew well Rebecca his wife
Teized him by night and by day :
O mine own dear ! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay.

Merrily merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at the church door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer:
She left him to pray and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top
And look upon the ground.

A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower! Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

A blessing on St. Michael's chair!
She said as she sat down:
Merrily merrily rung the bells
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead:
Now shall we toll for her poor soul
The great church-bell? they said.

Toll at her burying, quoth Richard Penlake,
Toll at her burying, quoth he;
But don't disturb the ringers now
In compliment to me.

A BALLAD,

Of a YOUNG MAN that would read unlawful Books, and how he was punished.

VERY PITHY AND PROFITABLE.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,
His Study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charg'd her to keep it lock'd, on her life.

And if any one ask my Study to see,
I charge you trust them not with the key,
Whoever may beg, and intreat, and implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door.

There liv'd a young man in the house who in vain
Access to that Study had sought to obtain,
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day,
The letters were written with blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead mens skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do;
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got
Like iron heated nine times red hot;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

What wouldst thou with me? the Wicked One cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

What would'st thou with me? cried the Author of ill,
But the wretched young man was silent still;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

What would'st thou with me? the third time he cries
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart
As out he tore the young man's heart
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

The MORAL.

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjurer's books they read.

KING CHARLEMAIN.

François Petrarque, fort renommé entre les Poëtes Italiens, discourant en une epistre son voyage de France et de l'Allemaigne, nous raconte que passant par la ville d'Aix, il apprit de quelque prestres une histoire prodigeuse qu'ils tenoient de main en main pour tres veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand, apres avoir conquesté plusiers pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et reputation en arriere, il oublia non seulement les affaires de son royaume, mais aussi le soing de sa propre personne, au grand desplaisir de chacun; estant seulement ententif à courtiser ceste dame: laquelle par bonheur commenca à s' aliter d'une grosse maladie, qui lui apporta la mort. Dont les Princes et grands Seigneurs fort resjouis, esperans que par ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme devant et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en main: toutesfois il se trouva tellement infatué de ceste amour, qu' encores cherissoit-il ce cadaver, l' embrassant, baisant, accolant de la mesme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l' oreille aux legations qui luy survenoient, il l' entretenoit de mille beyes, comme s'il eust esté plein de vie. Ce corps commençoit deja non seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefaction, et neantmoins n'y avoit aucun de ses favoris qui luy en osast parler; dont

advint que l'Archevesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pourpensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advenuë sans quelque sorcellerie. Au moyen de quoy espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoit absenté de la chambre, commença de foüiller le corps de toutes parts, finalement trouva dans sa bouche au dessous de sa langue un anneau qu'il luy osta. Le jour mesme Charlemaigne retournant sur ses premieres brisees, se trouva fort estonné de voir une carcasse ainsi puante. Parquoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un profond sommeil, commanda que l'on l'ensevelist promptment. Ce qui fut fait; mais en contr' eschange de ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens vers l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, ne pouvant estre de là en avant sans luy, et le suivant en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sage Prelat, et craignant que cest anneau ne tombast en mains de quelque autre, le jetta dans un lac prochain de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit que ce Roy se trouve si espris de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne desempara la ville d'Aix, où il bastit un Palais, et un Monastere, en l'un desquels il parfit le reste de ses jours et en l'autre voulut estre ensevely, ordonnant par son testament que tous les Empereurs de Rome eussent à se faire sacrer premierement en ce lieu.

Les Recherches de la France, d' Estienne Pasquier. PARIS. 1611.

KING CHARLEMAIN.

It was strange that he loved her, for youth was gone by
And the bloom of her beauty was fled;
'Twas the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,
And all but the Monarch could plainly descry
From whence came her white and her red.

Yet he thought with Agatha none might compare,
That Kings might be proud of her chain;
The court was a desert if she were not there,
She only was lovely, she only was fair,
Such dotage possess'd Charlemain.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, the maid,
Alike do their rival detest;
And the good old Archbishop who ceas'd to upbraid,
Shook his grey head in sorrow, and silently pray'd
To sing her the requiem of rest.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,
For Agatha sickens and dies.
And now they are ready with bier and with pall,
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the bell tolls long thro' the skies.

They came, but he sent them in anger away,
For she should not be buried, he said;
And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
Array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
And he would go sit by the dead.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
And the army cry out for their Lord;
The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemain
And still he unsheathes not the sword.

The Soldiers they clamour, the Monks bend in prayer
In the quiet retreats of the cell;
The Physicians to counsel together repair,
They pause and they ponder, at last they declare
That his senses are bound by a spell.

With relics protected, and confident grown
And telling devoutly his beads,
The Archbishop prepares him, and when it was known,
That the King for awhile left the body alone,
To search for the spell he proceeds.

Now careful he searches with tremulous haste
For the spell that bewitches the King;
And under the tongue for security placed,
Its margin with mystical characters faced,
At length he discovers a ring.

Rejoicing he seiz'd it and hasten'd away,
The Monarch re-entered the room,
The enchantment was ended, and suddenly gay
He bade the attendants no longer delay
But bear her with speed to the tomb.

Now merriment, joyaunce and feasting again
Enlivened the palace of Aix,
And now by his heralds did King Charlemain
Invite to his palace the courtier train
To hold a high festival day.

And anxiously now for the festival day
The highly-born Maidens prepare;
And now all apparell'd in costly array,
Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
Young and aged, the brave, and the fair.

Oh! happy the Damsel who 'mid her compeers
For a moment engaged the King's eye!
Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears
Each maid or triumphant, or jealous, appears,
As noticed by him, or past by.

And now as the evening approach'd, to the ball
In anxious suspence they advance,
Each hoped the King's choice on her beauties might fall,
When lo! to the utter confusion of all
He asked the Archbishop to dance.

The damsels they laugh and the barons they stare,
'Twas mirth and astonishment all;
And the Archbishop started and muttered a prayer,
And, wrath at receiving such mockery there,
Withdrew him in haste from the hall.

The moon dimpled over the water with light
As he wander'd along the lake side;
When lo! where beside him the King met his sight;
" Oh turn thee Archbishop, my joy and delight,
" Oh turn thee my charmer," he cried;

" Oh come where the feast and the dance and the song
" Invite thee to mirth and to love;
" Or at this happy moment away from the throng
" To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along, . .
" The moon never pierces that grove."

Amazement and anger the prelate possest,
With terror his accents he heard,
Then Charlemain warmly and eagerly prest
The Archbishop's old wither'd hand to his breast
And kiss'd his old grey grizzle beard.

" Let us well then these fortunate moments employ!"
Cried the Monarch with passionate tone:
" Come away then dear charmer, . . my angel, . . my joy,
" Nay struggle not now, . . 'tis in vain to be coy, . .
" And remember that we are alone."

" Blessed Mary protect me!" the Archbishop cried;
" What madness is come to the King!"
In vain to escape from the Monarch he tried,
When luckily he on his finger espied
The glitter of Agatha's ring.

Overjoy'd, the old Prelate remembered the spell,
And far in the lake flung the ring;
The waters closed round it, and, wond'rous to tell,
Releas'd from the cursed enchantment of hell,
His reason returned to the King.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay,
And there did he 'stablish his reign;
And the traveller who will, may behold at this day
A monument still in the ruins of Aix
Of the spell that possess'd Charlemain.

St. ROMUALD.

The Virtues of this Saint, as mentioned in the poem, may be found particularized in his life. The honour intended him by the Spaniards, is mentioned by Andrews, History of England, Vol. 1.

One day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Spaniard stopt at a posada door:
The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the Traveller there before.

Does holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell?
The Traveller ask'd, or is the old man dead?
He has left his loving flock, and we
So good a Christian never more shall see,
The Landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

Ah Sir! we knew his worth.
If ever there did live a Saint on earth!
Why Sir he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt;
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

There used to be rare work
With him and the Devil there in yonder cell;
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sun-set until morn,
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;
The Devil spitting fire with might and main
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour fill'd the little cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt, .. Oh Lord! how he did smell!

Then Sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh! if any one had dainty fare,
Good man he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry,
O Belly, Belly!
You would be gormandizing now I know.
But it shall not be so; . .
Home to your bread and water . . home I tell ye!

But, quoth the Traveller, wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?
Why, said the Landlord, Sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour; and you know
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went.

What might this honour be? the traveller cried;
Why Sir, the host replied,
We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us;
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave,
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,

For he'll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night.

The WELL of St. KEYNE.

I know not whether it be worth the reporting that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.

Fuller.

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it
And he bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a batchelor, Stranger? quoth he,
For, an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply.
But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the Angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first, . .
God help the husband then!
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?
He to the countryman said:
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done
And left my wife in the porch.
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

BISHOP BRUNO.

" Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the third, then Emperour, being not far from a place which the Germanes call Ben Strudel, *or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, " Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whether art thou travelling? but dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoile." At the hearing of these words they were all stupified, and the Bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the Bishop feasting with the Emperor in a Castle belonging to the Countesse of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."*

Heywood's Hierarchie of the blessed Angels.

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again:
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech owl scream!
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night, . .
Oh! glad was he when he saw the day light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to day;
There was not a Baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee, . .
But I would have *you* know, you travel to me!

Behind and before and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied:
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat, . .
With the Emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud, . .
You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee!
But you must pass the night with me!

His cheek grows pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair;
With that there came one from the masquers band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall

The BATTLE of BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done!
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
  Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
  And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's scull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
  There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
  The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
  Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
  Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
  With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forc'd to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
  After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
  Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
  And our good Prince Eugene.
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
  Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay.. nay.. my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke
  Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
  Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

St. GUALBERTO.

Addressed to a FRIEND.

The work is done, the fabric is compleat;
Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower,
Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,
Must toil for many a league and many an hour.
Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows
Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera rose.

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride,
Its columns clustered strength and lofty state,
How many a saint bedeck'd its sculptur'd side,
What intersecting arches graced its gate;
Its tower how high, its massy walls how strong,
These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,
But little store of charity, I ween,
The passing pilgrim at Moscera found;
And often there the mendicant was seen
Hopeless to turn him from the convent door,
For this so costly work still kept the brethren poor.

Now all is perfect, and from every side
They flock to view the fabric, young and old.
Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,
When on the sabbath day his eyes behold
The multitudes that crowd his chapel floor,
Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more.

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,
Since sainted for a life of holy deeds;
He paus'd the new-rear'd convent to survey,
And, whilst o'er all its bulk his eye proceeds,
Sorrows, as one whose holier feelings deem
That ill so proud a pile did humble monks beseem.

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,
And forth he came to greet the holy guest;
For he was known as one who held the law
Of Benedict, and each severe behest
So duly kept with such religious care,
That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

"Good brother welcome!" thus Rodulfo cries,
"In sooth it glads me to behold you here;
"It is Gualberto! and mine aged eyes
"Did not deceive me: yet full many a year
"Hath slipt away, since last you bade farewell
"To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

"'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,
"And such as suited ill a guest so dear;
"The pile was ruinous old, the base unsound;
"It glads me more to bid you welcome here
"For you can call to mind our former state;
"Come brother, pass with me the new Moscera's gate.

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile
Of answering joy soften'd Gualberto's brow;
He raised his hand and pointed to the pile,
"Moscera better pleas'd me then, than now!
"A palace this, befitting kingly pride!
"Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide?"

"Aye," cries Rodulfo, "'tis a goodly place!
"And pomp becomes the house of worship well.
"Nay scowl not round with so severe a face!
"When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
"Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,
"Can poor and sordid huts beseem the Lord of all?"

"And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high
"To serve your God?" the monk severe replied.
"It rose from zeal and earnest piety,
"And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside?
"Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere
"In humble hermit cell, God will incline his ear.

" Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose,
" Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?
" Did charity relieve the orphans woes?
" Cloathed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?
" He who with alms most succours the distrest,
" Proud Abbot, know he serves his heavenly father best.

" Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell
" Who first abandoned all to serve the Lord?
" Their place of worship was the desart cell,
" Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board;
" And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,
" They blest their gracious God, and " thought it luxury."

Then anger darkened in Rodulfo's face,
" Enough of preaching," sharply he replied,
" Thou art grown envious; . . 'tis a common case;
" Humility is made the cloak of pride.
" Proud of our home's magnificence are we,
" But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary."

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,
" O Father hear me! if this splendid pile
" Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone,
" Bless it O Father with thy fostering smile!
" Still may it stand, and never evil know,
" Long as beside its walls the eternal stream shall flow.

" But Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
" Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent,
" To pamper worldly pride; frown on it then!
" Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent;
" Let yonder brook that flows so calm beside,
" Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride!"

He said, . . and lo the brook no longer flows!
The waters pause, and now they swell on high,
High and more high the mass of water grows,
The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly,
And on their Saints and on their God they call,
For now the mountain bulk o'ertops the convent wall.

It falls, the mountain bulk, with thunder sound!
Full on Moscera's pile the vengeance falls!
Its lofty tower now rushes to the ground,
Prone lie its columns now, its high arched walls,
Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,
That from its base swept down the unholy house * of pride.

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* Era amigo de pobreza, en tanto grado, que sentia mucho, que los Monasterios se edificassen sumptuosamente; y assi visitando el de Moscera y viendo un edificio grande, y elegante, buelto à Rodulfo, que era alli Abad, con el rostro ayrado le dixo: Con lo que has gastado, siguiendo tu parecer, en este magnifico edificio, has quitado el sustento a muchos pobres. Puso los ojos en un pequeño arroyo, que corria alli cerca, y dixo, Dios Omnipotente, que sueles hacer grandes cosas de pequeñas criaturas, yo te ruego, que vea por medio de esta pequeño arroyo venganza de este gran edificio. Dixo esto, y fuese de alli como abominando el lugar; y siendo oido, el arroyuelo comenzo a crecer, y fue de suerte, que recogiendo un monte de agua, y tomando de atràs la corriente, vino con tan grande impetu, que llevando piedras y arboles consigo, derribo el edificio.

Flos Sanctorum, por El Maestro Alonso de Villegas.

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,
Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound?
This sure I know, that glad am I in sooth
He only play'd his pranks on foreign ground;
For had he turn'd the stream on England too,
The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

Then Malmsbury's arch had never met my sight,
Nor Battles's vast and venerable pile;
I had not traversed then with such delight
The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle,
Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd
On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's pride;
And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain.
Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried,
Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,
Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,
Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

And we should never then have heard I think,
At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell;
The fountain streams that now in Christ-Church stink,
Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle;
But, as 'twas beauty that deserv'd the flood,
I ween, dear George, our own old college might have stood.

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,
Serv'd for a concert-room, or signal post;
Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,
Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast;
And eager to destroy the unholy walls,
Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to overwhelm St. Pauls.

George, dost thou deem the legendary deeds
Of Romish saints a useless medley store
Of lies, that he flings time away who reads?
And wouldst thou rather bid me puzzle o'er
Matter and Mind, and all the eternal round,
Plunged headlong down the dark and fathomless profound?

Now do I bless the man who undertook
These monks and martyrs to biographize,
And love to ponder o'er his ponderous book,
The mingle-mangle mass of truth and lies,
Where Angels now, now Beelzebubs appear,
And blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

All is not very truth, and yet 'twere hard
The fabling monks for fabling to abuse;
What if a monk, from better theme debarred,
Some pious subject for a tale should chuse,
How some good man the flesh and fiend o'ercame,
His taste methinks, and not his conscience, were to blame.

In after years, what he, good man! had wrote,
As we write novels to instruct our youth,
Went travelling on, its origin forgot,
Till at the length it past for gospel-truth.
A fair accout! and shouldst thou like the plea,
Thank thou thy valued friend, dear George, who taught it me.

All is not false that seems at first a lie.
One Antolinez* once, a Spanish knight,
Knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops hard by
Before the expected hour began the fight.
Tho' courage, duty, honour, summoned there,
He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinish'd prayer.

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* Acontecio en aquella † batalla una cosa digna de memoria. Fernan Antolinez, hombre noble y muy devoto, oia missa al tiempo que se dio señal de acometer, costumbre ordinaria suya antes de la pelea; por no dexarla començada, se quedo en el templo quando se toco à la arma. Esta piedad quan agradable fuesse a Dios, se entendio por un milagro. Estavase primero en la Iglesia, despues escondido en su casa, temia no le afrentassen como a cobarde. En tanto, otro a el semejante, es a saber, su Angel bueno, pelea entre los primeros tan valientemente, que la vitoria de aquel dia se atribuyo en gran parte al valor de el dicho Antolinez. Confirmaron el milagro las señales de los golpes, y las manchas de la sangre que se hallaron frescas en sus armas y cavallo.

† Cerca de Santistevan de Gormaz, a la ribera del rio Duero. A. D. 932.

But whilst devoutly thus the unarmed knight
Waits till the holy service should be o'er,
Even then the foremost in the furious fight
Was he beheld to bathe his sword in gore,
First in the van his plumes were seen to play,
And Spain to him decreed the glory of the day.

The truth is told, and all at once exclaim
His guardian angel Heaven had deign'd to send;
And thus the tale is handed down to fame.
Now if this Antolinez had a friend
Who in the hour of danger serv'd him well,
Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

Assi publicado el caso, y sabido lo que passava, quedo mas conocida la inocencia y esfuerço de Antolinez.

Mariana.

Perhaps this miracle and its obvious interpretation, may have suggested to Florian the circumstance by which his Gonsalvo is prevented from combating and killing the brother of his mistress. Florian was fond of Spanish literature.

I am not one who scan with scornful eyes
The dreams which make the enthusiast's best delight;
Nor thou the legendary lore despise
If of Gualberto yet again I write,
How first impell'd he sought the convent cell;
It is a simple *tale, and one that pleas'd me well.

---

* Llamóse el padre Gualberto, y era señor de Valdespesa, que està entre Sena, y Florencia: seguia la milicia; y como le matassen un su deudo cercano injustamente, indignados, assi el hijo, que era ya hombre, como el padre, con mucho cuydado buscavan ocasion, como vengar aquella muerte. Sucedio, que viniendo à Florencia el hijo, con un criado suyo, hombre valiente, y los dos bien armados, à cavallo, viò à su enemigo, y en lugar. que era impossible irseles: lo qual considerado por el contrario, y que tenia cierta su muerte, descendió de un cavallo, en que venia, y puesto de rodillas le pidió, juntas las manos, por Jesu-Christo crucificado, le perdonasse la vida. Enterneciόse Juan Gualberto, oyendo el nombre de Jesu-Christo crucificado; y dixόle, que por amor de aquel Señor, que rogó en la Cruz por los que le pusieron en ella, el le perdonava. Pidiόle, que se levantasse, y perdiesse el temor, que ya no por enemigo, sino por amigo le queria,

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's birth,
The heir of Valdespesa's rich domain.
An only child, he grew in years and worth,
And well repaid a father's anxious pain.
Oft had his sire in battle forc'd success,
Well for his valour known, and known for haughtiness.

---

y que de Dios, por quien hacia esto, esperava el premio. Passó adelante Gualberto; y viendo una Iglesia en un monte cerca de Florencia, llamada de San Miniato, que era de Monges negros, entró en ella para dar gracias á Jesu Christo nuestro Señor por la merced, que le havia hecho en favorecerle, de que perdonasse, y no tomasse venganza de su enemigo: pusose de rodillas delante de un Crucifixo, el qual, viendolo el, y otros que estavan presentes, desde la Cruz inclinó la cabeza à Gualberto, como agradeciendo, y dandole gracias, de que por su amor huviesse perdonado la vida à su enemigo. Descubrióse el caso, y fue publico, y muy celebrado, y el Crucifixo fue tenido en grande reverencia en aquella Iglesia de S. Miniato. Quedó Juan Gualberto de este acaecimiento, trocado en otro varon, y determinó dexar el mundo, y las cosas percedaras de el.

Flos Sanctorum.

It chanc'd that one in kindred near allied
Was slain by his hereditary foe;
Much by his sorrow moved, and more by pride,
The father vow'd that blood for blood should flow;
And from his youth Gualberto had been taught
That with unceasing hate should just revenge be sought.

Long did they wait; at length the tidings came
That through a lone and unfrequented way,
Soon would Anselmo, such the murderer's name,
Pass on his journey home, an easy prey.
"Go," cried the father, "meet him in the wood!"
And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

When now the youth was at the forest shade
Arriv'd, it drew toward the close of day;
Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
And he, already wearied with his way,
Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined,
And thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

Slow sunk the glorious sun, a roseate light
Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays;
The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight
Soften'd in shade, . . he could not chuse but gaze;
And now a placid greyness clad the heaven,
Save where the west retain'd the last green light of even.

Cool breath'd the grateful air, and fresher now
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose,
The passing gale scarce moved the o'erhanging bough,
And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose,
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,
Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight,
The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart?
The heart they will not soften, is not right.
And young Gualberto was not hard of heart.
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,
When from a neighbouring church he heard the vesper bell

The Catholic who hears that vesper bell,
Howe'er employed, must send a prayer to heaven.
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold
Each pious rite with most religious care,
And, .. for the young man's feelings were not cold,
He never yet had mist his vesper-prayer.
But strange misgivings now his heart invade,
And when the vesper bell had ceas'd, he had not pray'd.

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd?
The sudden doubt arose within his mind,
And many a former precept then he weigh'd,
The words of him who died to save mankind;
How 'twas the meek who should inherit heaven,
And man should man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope
That yet some chance his victim might delay.
So as he mus'd, adown the neighbouring slope
He saw a lonely traveller on his way;
And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd,
His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous sword.

"The house of Valdespesa gives the blow!
"Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell!"
Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe,
And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,
And stopt his hand and cried, "oh, do not take
"A wretched sinner's life! mercy for Jesus' sake!"

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.
His hand, for murder rais'd, unharming fell,
He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start,
A moment mute in holy horror stood,
Then cried, "joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!"

He rais'd Anselmo up, and bade him live,
And bless, for both preserved, that holy name;
And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive
The bloody purpose led by which he came.
Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,
His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay.

He ran with breathless speed, .. he reached the door,
With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell, ..
He came to crave for pardon, to adore
For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell,
And rais'd his swimming eyes, and thought that there
He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

A blest illusion! from that very night
The monk's austerest life devout he led;
And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight,
And seraph-visions floated round his head;
The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,
And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.

Monodramas.

XIMALPOCA.

SCENE—*The Temple of Mexitli.*

Subjects! friends! children! I may call you children
For I have ever borne a father's love
Towards you; it is thirteen years since first
You saw me in the robes of royalty; . .
Since here the multitudes of Mexico
Hail'd me their King. I thank you friends that now,
In equal numbers and with equal love,
You come to grace my death.
For thirteen years
What I have been, ye know: that with all care,
That with all justice and all gentleness,
Seeking your weal, I govern'd. Is there one
Whom I have injured? one whose just redress
I have denied, or baffled by delay?
Let him come forth, that so no evil tongue

Speak shame of me hereafter. O my people,
Not by my sins have I drawn down upon me
The wrath of Heaven.
The wrath is heavy on me!
Heavy! a burthen more than I can bear!
I have endured contempt, insult and wrongs
From that Acolhuan tyrant! should I seek
Revenge? alas my people, we are few, . .
Feeble our growing state! it hath not yet
Rooted itself to bear the hurricane;
It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet
The tyger's full-aged fury. Mexicans,
He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe; . .
When was the day that ever I look'd back
In battle? Mexicans, the wife I loved,
To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
Of me, of heaven, he seized, and spurned her back
Polluted! . . coward villain! and he lurks
Behind his armies and his multitudes
And mocks my idle wrath! . . . it is not fit
It is not possible that I should live!
Live! and deserve to be the finger-mark
Of slave-contempt! his blood I cannot reach,
But in my own all stains shall be effaced,

It shall blot out the marks of infamy,
And when the warriors of the days to come
Tell of Ximalpoca, it shall be said
He died the brave man's death!
Not of the God
Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
A voluntary victim. And perchance
The sacrifice of life may profit ye
My people, tho' all living efforts fail'd
By fortune, not by fault.
Cease your lament!
And if your ill-doom'd King deserved your love,
Say of him to your children, he was one
Who bravely bore misfortune; who when life
Became dishonour, shook his body off,
And join'd the Spirits of the heroes dead.
Yes! not in Miclanteuctli's dark abode
With cowards shall your King receive his doom;
Not in the icy caverns of the North
Suffer thro' endless ages! He shall join
The Spirits of the brave, with them at morn
Shall issue from the eastern gate of Heaven,
And follow thro' his fields of light the Sun;
With them shall raise the song and weave the dance;

Sport in the stream of splendour; company
Down to the western palace of his rest
The Prince of Glory; and with equal eye
Endure his centered radiance. Not of you
Forgetful, O my people, even then;
But often in the amber cloud of noon
Diffus'd, will I o'erspread your summer fields,
And on the freshened maize and brightening meads
Shower plenty.
Spirits of my valiant Sires,
I come! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
Flow'd braver blood! never a nobler heart
Steam'd up its life to thee! Priest of the God,
Perform your office!

The WIFE of FERGUS.

Fergusius 3. periit veneno ab uxore dato. Alii scribunt cum uxor sæpe exprobrasset ei matrimonii contemptum et pellicum greges, neque quicquam profecisset, tandem noctu dormientem ab eâ strangulatum. Quæstione de morte ejus habitâ, cum amicorum plurimi insimularentur, nec quisquam ne in gravissimis quidem tormentis quicquam fateretur, mulier, alioqui ferox, tot innoxiorum capitum miserta, in medium processit, ac e superiore loco eædem a se factam confessa, ne ad ludibrium superesset, pectus cultro transfodit: quod ejus factum varie pro cujusque ingenio est acceptum, ac perinde sermonibus celebratum.

Buchanan.

SCENE—*The Palace Court. The Queen speaking from the Battlements.*

Cease . . cease your torments! spare the sufferers!
Scotchmen, not theirs the deed; . . the crime was mine
Mine is the glory.
Idle threats! I stand
Secure. All access to these battlements
Is barr'd beyond your sudden strength to force;
And lo! the dagger by which Fergus died!

Shame on ye Scotchmen, that a woman's hand
Was left to do this deed! Shame on ye Thanes,
Who with slave-patience have so long endured
The wrongs, and insolence of tyranny!
Ye coward race!.. that not a husband's sword
Smote that adulterous King! that not a wife
Revenged her own pollution; in his blood
Wash'd her soul pure, and for the sin compell'd
Aton'd by virtuous murder! O my God!
Of what beast matter hast thou moulded them
To bear with wrongs like these? There was a time
When if the Bard had feign'd you such a tale
Your eyes had throbb'd with anger, and your hands
In honest instinct would have graspt the sword.
O miserable men who have disgraced
Your fathers, whom your sons must blush to name!

Aye,.. ye can threaten me! ye can be brave
In anger to a woman! one whose virtue
Upbraids your coward vice; whose name will live
Honoured and prais'd in song, when not a hand
Shall root from your forgotten monuments
The cankering moss. Fools! fools! to think that death
Is not a thing familiar to my mind!

As if I knew not what must consummate
My glory! as if ought that earth can give
Could tempt me to endure the load of life! . . .
Scotchmen! ye saw when Fergus to the altar
Led me, his maiden Queen. Ye blest me then, . .
I heard you bless me, . . and I thought that Heaven
Had heard you also and that I was blest,
For I loved Fergus. Bear me witness, God!
With what a sacred heart-sincerity
My lips pronounced the unrecallable vow
That made me his, him mine; bear witness Thou!
Before whose throne I this day must appear
Stain'd with his blood and mine! my heart was his, . .
His in the strength of all its first affections.
In all obedience, in all love, I kept
Holy my marriage vow. Behold me Thanes!
Time hath not changed the face on which his eye
So often dwelt, when with assiduous care
He sought my love; with seeming truth, for one,
Sincere herself, impossible to doubt.
Time hath not changed that face; . . I speak not now
With pride of beauties that will feed the worm
To morrow! but with joyful pride I say
That if the truest and most perfect love

Deserved requital, such was ever mine.
How often reeking from the adulterous bed
Have I received him! and with no complaint.
Neglect and insult, cruelty and scorn
Long, long did I endure, and long curb down
The indignant nature.

Tell your countrymen,
Scotchmen, what I have spoken! say to them
Ye saw the Queen of Scotland lift the dagger
Red from her husband's heart; that in her own
She plunged it.

stabs herself.

Tell them also, that she felt
No guilty fear in death.

LUCRETIA.

Scene, the house of COLLATINE.

Welcome, my father! good Valerius,
Welcome! and thou too, Brutus! ye were both
My wedding guests, and fitly ye are come.
My husband .. Collatine .. alas! no more
Lucretia's husband, for thou shalt not clasp
Pollution to thy bosom, ... hear me on!
For I will tell thee all.
I sate at eve
Spinning amid my maidens as I wont,
When from the camp at Ardea Sextus came.
Curb down thy swelling feelings, Collatine!
I little liked the man! yet, for he came
From Ardea, for he brought me news of thee,
I gladly gave him welcome, gladly listen'd, ..
Thou canst not tell how gladly! to his tales

Of battles, and the long and perilous seige ;
And when I laid me down at night to sleep,
'Twas with a lighten'd heart, . . I knew thee safe,
My visions were of thee.
Nay hear me out !
And be thou wise in vengeance, so thy wife
Not vainly shall have suffered. I have wrought
My soul up to the business of this hour
That it may stir your noble spirits, prompt
Such glorious deeds that ages yet unborn
Shall bless my fate. At midnight I awoke, . .
The Tarquin was beside me ! O my husband !
Where wert thou then ! gone was my rebel strength, . .
All power of utterance gone ! astonish'd, stunn'd,
I saw the coward ruffian, heard him urge
His damned suit, and bid me tamely yield, . .
Yield to dishonour. When he proffer'd death, . .
Oh I had leapt to meet the merciful sword !
But that with most accursed vows he vow'd
That he would lay a dead slave by my side,
Murdering my spotless honour. . . Collatine !
From what an anguish have I rescued thee !
And thou my father, wretched as thou art,
Thou miserable, childless, poor old man, . . ,

Think, father, what that agony had been!
Now thou mayst sorrow for me, thou mayst bless
The memory of thy poor, polluted child.

Look if it have not kindled Brutus' eye!
Mysterious man! at last I know thee now,
I see thy dawning glories!.. to the grave
Not unrevenged Lucretia shall descend;
Not always shall her wretched country wear
The Tarquins yoke! ye will deliver Rome,
And I have comfort in this dreadful hour.

Thinkest thou, my husband, that I dreaded death?
O Collatine! the weapon that had gored
My bosom, had been ease, been happiness,..
Elysium, to the hell of his hot grasp.
Judge if Lucretia could have fear'd to die!

Stabs herself.

Songs

of the

American Indians.

The HURON's ADDRESS to the DEAD.

Brother, thou wert strong in youth!
Brother, thou wert brave in war!
Unhappy man was he
For whom thou hadst sharpened the tomahawk's edge;
Unhappy man was he
On whom thine angry eye was fix'd in fight;
And he who from thy hand
Received the calumet,
Blest Heaven, and slept in peace.

When the Evil Spirits seized thee,
Brother, we were sad at heart:
We bade the Jongler come
And bring his magic aid;
We circled thee in mystic dance,
With songs and shouts and cries,
To free thee from their power.
Brother, but in vain we strove,
The number of thy days was full.

Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat,
The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs,
Thy feet are sandal'd, ready for the way.
Those are the unfatiguable feet
That traversed the forest track;
Those are the lips that late
Thundered the yell of war;
And that is the strong right arm
That never was lifted in vain.
Those lips are silent now,
The limbs that were active are stiff,
Loose hangs the strong right arm!

And where is That which in thy voice
The language of friendship spake?
That gave the strength of thine arm?
That fill'd thy limbs with life?
It was not Thou, for Thou art here,
Thou art amongst us still,
But the Life and the Feeling are gone.
The Iroquois will learn
That thou hast ceas'd from war;
'Twill be a joy like victory,
For thou wert the scourge of their race.

Brother, we sing thee the song of death;
In thy coffin of bark we lay thee to rest;
The bow shall be placed by thy side,
And the shafts that are pointed and feather'd for flight.
To the Country of the Dead
Long and painful is thy way!
Over rivers wide and deep
Lies the road that must be past,
By bridges narrow-wall'd
Where scarce the Soul can force its way,
While the loose fabric totters under it.

Safely may our Brother pass!
Safely may he reach the fields,
Where the sound of the drum and the shell
Shall be heard from the Country of Souls!
The Spirits of thy Sires
Shall come to welcome thee;
The God of the Dead in his bower
Shall receive thee and bid thee join
The dance of eternal joy.

Brother we pay thee the rites of death,
Rest in the bower of delight!

The PERUVIAN's DIRGE over the Body of his FATHER.

Rest in peace, my Father, rest,
With danger and toil have I borne thy corpse
From the Stranger's field of death.
I bless thee, O Wife of the Sun,
For veiling thy beams with a cloud,
While at the pious task
Thy votary toil'd in fear.
Thou badest the clouds of night
Enwrap thee, and hide thee from Man;
But didst thou not see my toil,
And put on the darkness to aid,
O Wife of the visible God?

Wretched, my Father, thy life!
Wretched the life of the Slave!
All day for another he toils,
Overwearied at night he lies down,
And dreams of the Freedom that once he enjoy'd.

Thou wert blest in the days of thy youth,
My Father! for then thou wert free.
In the fields of the nation thy hand
Bore its part of the general task;
And when, with the song and the dance,
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labour had shar'd,
So justly they shar'd in the fruits.

Thou visible Lord of the Earth,
Thou God of my Fathers, thou God of my heart,
O giver of light and of life!
When the Strangers came to our shores,
Why didst thou not put forth thy power?
Thy thunders should then have been hurl'd,
Thy fires should in lightnings have flash'd!..
Visible God of the Earth,
The Strangers mock at thy might!
To figures and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee;
They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil!
But not in the caverns and dens,

O Sun, are we mindless of thee!
We pine for the want of thy beams,
We adore thee with anguish and groans.

My Father, rest in peace!
Rest with the dust of thy Sires!
They plac'd their Cross in thy dying grasp, . .
They bore thee to their burial place,
And over thy breathless frame
Their bloody and merciless Priest,
Mumbled his mystery words.
Oh! could thy bones be at peace
In the fields where the Strangers are laid? . . .
Alone, in danger and in pain,
My Father, I bring thee here:
So may our God, in reward,
Allow me one faithful friend
To lay me beside thee when I am released!
So may he release me soon,
That my Spirit may join thee there,
Where the Strangers never shall come!

SONG of the ARAUCANS

During a THUNDER STORM.

The storm cloud grows deeper above;
Araucans! the tempest is ripe in the sky;
Our forefathers come from their Islands of Bliss,
They come to the war of the winds.

The Souls of the Strangers are there,
In their garments of darkness they ride thro' the heaven;
The cloud that so lurid rolls over the hill
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark! hark! in the howl of the wind
The shout of the battle, the clang of their drums,
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight
Is the blast, that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power
The lightning, the lightning is lanced at our sires!
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement of Heaven!
And the darkness that quenches the day!

Ye Souls of our Fathers be brave!
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire,
Brave Spirits ye tremble not now!

We gaze on your warfare in hope,
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms!
Lift the lance of your vengeance O Fathers! with force,
For the wrongs of your country strike home!

Remember the land was your own
When the Sons of Destruction came over the seas;
That the old fell asleep in the fullness of days
And their children wept over their graves.

Till the Strangers came into the land
With tongues of deceit and with weapons of fire,
Then the strength of the people in youth was cut off,
And the father wept over his son.

It thickens . . the tumult of fight,
Louder and louder the blast of the battle is heard, . .
Remember the wrongs that your country endures !
Remember the fields of your fame !

Joy ! joy ! for the Strangers recoil, . .
They give way, . . they retreat to the land of their life !
Pursue them ! pursue them ! remember your wrongs !
Let your lances be drunk with their wounds.

The Souls of your wives shall rejoice
As they welcome you back to your Islands of Bliss;
And the breeze that refreshes the toil-throbbing brow
Waft thither the song of your praise.

SONG of the CHIKKASAH WIDOW.

'Twas the voice of my husband that came on the gale.
The unappeas'd Spirit in anger complains,
Rest, rest Ollanahta, be still!
The day of revenge is at hand.

The stake is made ready, the captives shall die;
To-morrow the song of their death shalt thou hear,
To-morrow thy widow shall wield
The knife and the fire; .. be at rest!

The vengeance of anguish shall soon have its course, ..
The fountains of grief and of fury shall flow, ..
I will think Ollanahta! of thee,
Will remember the days of our love.

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sat
Where idly thy hatchet of battle is hung;
I gazed on the bow of thy strength
As it waved on the stream of the wind.

The scalps that we number'd in triumph were there,
And the musket that never was levell'd in vain,—
What a leap has it given to my heart
To see thee suspend it in peace.

When the black and blood-banner was spread to the gale,
When thrice the deep voice of the war-drum was heard,
I remember thy terrible eyes
How they flash'd the dark glance of thy joy.

I remember the hope that shone over thy cheek
As thy hand from the pole reach'd its doers of death;
Like the ominous gleam of the cloud
Ere the thunder and light'ning are born.

He went and ye came not to warn him in dreams,
Kindred Spirits of him who is holy and great!
And where was thy warning, O Bird,
The untimely announcer of ill.

Alas! when thy brethren in conquest return'd;
When I saw the white plumes bending over their heads
And the pine-boughs of triumph before
Where the scalps of their victory swung, . .

The war-hymn they pour'd, and thy voice was not there.
I call'd thee, .. alas, the white deer-skin was brought,
And thy grave was prepar'd in the tent
Which I had made ready for joy!

Ollanahta all day by thy war-pole I sit, ..
Ollanahta all night I weep over thy grave,
To morrow the victims shall die,
And I shall have joy in revenge.

The Old CHIKKASAH to his GRANDSON.

Now go to the battle my Boy!
Dear child of my son
There is strength in thine arm,
There is hope in thy heart,
Thou art ripe for the labours of war.
Thy Sire was a stripling like thee
When he went to the first of his fields.
He return'd, in the glory of conquest return'd,
Before him his trophies were borne,
These scalps that have hung till the Sun and the Rain
Have rusted their raven locks.
Here he stood when the morn of rejoicing arriv'd,
The day of the warriors reward;
When the banners sun-beaming were spread,
And all hearts were dancing in joy
To the sound of the victory drum.

The Heroes were met to receive their reward;
But distinguish'd among the young Heroes that day,
The pride of his nation, thy Father was seen:
The swan-feathers hung from his neck,
His face like the rainbow was tinged,
And his eye, .. how it sparkled in pride!
The Elders approach'd, and they placed on his brow
The crown that his valour had won,
And they gave him the old honour'd name.
They reported the deeds he had done in the war,
And the youth of the nation were told
To respect him, and tread in his path.

My Boy! I have seen, and with hope,
The courage that rose in thine eye
When I told thee the tale of his death.
His war-pole now is grey with moss,
His tomahawk red with rust,
His bow-string whose twang was death
Now sings as it cuts the wind,
But his memory is fresh in the land
And his name with the names that we love.

Go now and revenge him my Boy!
That his Spirit no longer may hover by day
O'er the hut where his bones are at rest,
Nor trouble our dreams in the night.
My Boy I shall watch for the warriors return,
And my soul will be sad
Till the steps of thy coming I see.

The

Love Elegies

of

Abel Shufflebottom.

ELEGY I.

The Poet relates how he obtained Delia's pocket-handkerchief.

'Tis mine! what accents can my joy declare?
Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout!
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the *tempting corner* hanging out!

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
For Delia's POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF is MINE.

When first with *filching fingers* I drew near,
Keen hope shot tremulous thro' every vein,
And when the *finish'd deed* removed my fear,
Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What tho' the eighth commandment rose to mind,
It only served a moment's qualm to move,
For thefts like this it could not be design'd,
The eighth commandment WAS NOT MADE FOR LOVE!

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet;
Dear napkin! yes she wiped her lips in thee!
Lips *sweeter* than the *macaroons* she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Mocabaw
That made my Love so *delicately* sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
SWEET POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF! thy worth profane;
For thou hast touched the *rubies* of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

ELEGY II.

The Poet invokes the Spirits of the Elements to approach Delia. He describes her singing.

Ye SYLPHS who *banquet* on my Delia's blush,
Who on her locks of FLOATING GOLD repose,
Dip in her cheek your GOSSAMERY BRUSH,
And with its bloom of beauty *tinge* THE ROSE.

Hover around her lips on *rainbow wing*,
Load from her honeyed breath your *viewless* feet,
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.

Ye GNOMES, whose toil thro' many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To *ripen in the* SUN OF DELIA'S EYES.

And ye who bathe in Etna's lava springs,
Spirits of fire! to see my love advance;
Fly, SALAMANDERS, on ASBESTOS wings,
To wanton in my Delia's *fiery* glance.

She weeps, she weeps! her eye with anguish swells,
Some tale of sorrow melts my FEELING GIRL?
NYMPHS! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
Enclose them, EMBRYOS OF THE ORIENT PEARL.

She sings! the Nightingale with envy hears,
The Cherubim bends from his starry throne,
And motionless are stopt the attentive Spheres,
To hear more heavenly music than their own.

Cease, Delia, cease! for all the angel throng,
Listening to thee, let sleep their golden wires!
Cease, Delia! cease that too surpassing song,
Lest, stung to envy, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
By the strong joy! cease, Delia, lest my soul
Enrapt, already THINK ITSELF IN HEAVEN,
And burst my feeble body's frail controul.

ELEGY III.

The Poet expatiates on the beauty of Delia's hair

The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
The straitening curls of gold so *beamy bright,*
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
But issues forth more pure, more *milky white.*

The rose-pomatum that the FRISEUR spreads
Sometimes with honour'd fingers for my fair,
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the FRISEUR who in Delia's hair
With licensed fingers uncontroul'd may rove,
And happy in his death the DANCING BEAR,
Who died to make pomatum for my LOVE.

Oh could I hope that e'er my favour'd lays
Might *curl those lovely locks* with conscious pride,
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan Shepherds praise
I'd envy then, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
The bow that in my breast impell'd his dart;
From you, sweet locks! he wove the subtle line
Wherewith the urchin *angled for* MY HEART.

Fine are my Delia's tresses as the threads
That from the silk-worm, *self-interr'd*, proceed;
Fine as the GLEAMY GOSSAMER, that spreads
Its filmy web-work o'er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses Cupid's power elate
My captive *heart* has *handcuffed* in a chain,
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
THAT BEARS BRITANNIA'S THUNDERS O'ER THE MAIN.

The SYLPHS that round her radiant locks repair,
In *flowing lustre* bathe their brightening wings;
And ELFIN MINSTRELS with assiduous care
The ringlets rob for FAERY *fiddle-strings*.

ELEGY IV.

The Poet relates how he stole a Lock of Delia's Hair, and her Anger.

Oh! be the day accurst that gave me birth!
Ye seas, to swallow me in kindness rise!
Fall on me, mountains! and thou, merciful earth,
Open, and hide me from my Delia's eyes!

Let universal Chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And Earth and Heaven and Air and Ocean burn..
For Delia frowns.. she frowns, and I am curst!

Oh! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile millions sought my single life;
Would storm Volcano batteries with delight,
And grapple with grim Death in glorious strife.

Oh! I could brave the bolts of angry Jove,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies;
What is his wrath to that of her I love?
What is his LIGHTNING to my DELIA'S EYES?

Go, fatal Lock! I cast thee to the wind;
Ye *serpent* CURLS, ye *poison-tendrils* go..
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
Accursed Lock,.. thou cause of all my woe!

Seize the curst curls, ye Furies as they fly!
Dæmons of darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance when I die,
May *knit the knots of torture for my soul.*

Last night,.. Oh hear me Heaven, and grant my prayer!
The Book of Fate before thy suppliant lay,
And let me from its ample records tear
Only the single PAGE OF YESTERDAY!

Or let me meet old Time upon his flight,
And I will stop him on his restless way;
Omnipotent in Love's resistless might,
I'll force him back the ROAD OF YESTERDAY.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent *deliciously* to grieve;
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the FATAL SCISSARS from my sleeve:

And would that at that instant o'er my thread
The SHEARS OF ATROPOS had open'd then;
And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me sudden from the sons of men!

She heard the scissars that fair lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy,.. you have spoil'd my wig!"

Sonnets.

SONNET I.

O thou sweet Lark that in the heaven so high
Twinklest thy wings and singest merrily,
I watch thee soaring with no mean delight,
And when at last I turn mine aching eye
That lags, how far below thy lofty flight,
Still silently receive thy melody.
O thou sweet Lark, that I had wings like thee!
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light
Upward to plunge, and from my heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below,
But that I soon would wing my eager flight
To that loved place where Fancy even now
Has fled, and Hope looks onward thro' a tear,
Counting the weary hours that keep her here.

SONNET II.

Thou lingerest, Spring ! still wintry is the scene,
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
Scarce does the glossy pile-wort yet appear
Starring the sunny bank, or early green
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the eaves-built nest
Where we should see our martins' snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent blow.
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ! and it should be so, . .
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
Like man when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.

SONNET III.

Beware a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust.
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head
And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
Tempests the ocean waves; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increas'd thro' many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves unclose
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

SONNET IV.

TO A GOOSE.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore;
  Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
  Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
  From gipsey thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy grey quills by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
  Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
  Wailing the rigour of some lady fair;
Or of the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
  Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
But this I know, that thou wert very fine,
Season'd with sage, and onions, and port wine.

SONNET V.

I marvel not, O Sun! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyaunce from above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud,
These cold raw mists that chill the comfortless day;
But shed thy splendour thro' the opening cloud,
And cheer the earth once more. The languid flowers
Lie odourless, beat down with heavy rain,
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers;
O Lord of Light! put forth thy beams again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy hours.

SONNET VI.

Fair be thy fortunes in the distant land
Companion of my earlier years and friend!
Go to the Eastern world, and may the hand
Of Heaven its blessing on thy labour send.
And may I, if we ever more should meet,
See thee with affluence to thy native shore
Return'd; . . I need not pray that I may greet
The same untainted goodness as before.
Long years must intervene before that day,
And what the changes Heaven to each may send,
It boots not now to bode. Oh early friend
Assur'd, no distance e'er can wear away
Esteem long rooted, and no change remove
The dear remembrance of the friend we love.

SONNET VII.

Farewell my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day;
And thou fair eminence upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray.
Farewell! Mine eyes no longer shall pursue
The westering sun beyond the utmost height,
When slowly he forsakes the fields of light.
No more the freshness of the falling dew,
Cool and delightful here shall bathe my head,
As from this western window dear, I lean,
Listening the while I watch the placid scene,
The martins twittering underneath the shed.
Farewell my home! where many a day has past
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last.

SONNET VIII.

Porlock, thy verdant vale so fair to sight,
  Thy lofty hills with fern and furze so brown,
  The waters that so musical roll down
Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
  Recalls to memory, and the channel grey
  Circling its surges in thy level bay.
Porlock, I also shall forget thee not,
  Here by the unwelcome summer rain confined;
  And often shall hereafter call to mind
How here, a patient prisoner, 'twas my lot
To wear the lonely, lingering close of day,
  Making my Sonnet by the alehouse fire,
  Whilst Idleness and Solitude inspire
Dull rhymes to pass the duller hours away.

August 9, 1799.

SONNET IX.

Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide
To some far-distant land adventurous bound;
The sailors busy cries from side to side
Pealing among the echoing rocks resound:
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband there?
Who at the howling of the midnight wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind!..
Go gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair!

SONNET X.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves, . .
The maddened waves and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night
And only see the billow's gleaming light;
Amid the dread of death to think of her
Who as she listens sleepless to the gale
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale?
O God have mercy on the mariner!

SONNET XI.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails
The gallant bark; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
Hark to the sailors shouts! the rocks rebound
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas,
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
So many toils, so many dangers past,
To view the port desir'd, he only knows
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tost, aweary of his ocean way,
And watch'd all anxious every wind that blows.

SONNET XII.

A wrinkled crabbed man they picture thee
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue lipt, an ice drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Plodding alone thro' sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night;
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

Anomalies.

SNUFF.

A delicate pinch! oh how it tingles up
The titillated nose; and fills the eyes
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full collected pleasure bursts at last!
Most rare Columbus! thou shalt be for this
The only Christopher in my Kalendar.
Why but for thee the uses of the Nose
Were half unknown, and its capacity
Of joy. The summer gale that from the heath,
At midnoon glittering with the golden furze,
Bears its balsamic odour, but provokes
Not satisfies the sense; and all the flowers,
That with their unsubstantial fragrance tempt
And disappoint, bloom for so short a space,
That half the year the Nostrils would keep Lent,
But that the kind Tobacconist admits

No winter in his work; when Nature sleeps
His wheels roll on, and still administer
A plenitude of joy, a tangible smell.

What is Peru and those Golcondan mines
To thee Virginia? miserable realms
They furnish gold for knaves and gems for fools;
But thine are *common* comforts! to omit
Pipe-panegyric and tobacco praise,
Think what the general joy the snuff-box gives,
Europe, and far above Pizarro's name
Write Raleigh in thy records of renown!
Him let the school-boy bless if he behold
His master's box produced, for when he sees
The thumb and finger of Authority
Stufft up the nostrils; when hat, head, and wig
Shake all; when on the waistcoat black the dust
Or drop falls brown; soon shall the brow severe
Relax, and from vituperative lips
Words that of birch remind not, sounds of praise,
And jokes that *must* be laugh'd at shall proceed.

COOL REFLECTIONS

DURING A

MIDSUMMER WALK.

O spare me . . spare me, Phœbus ! if indeed
Thou hast not let another Phaeton
Drive earthward thy fierce steeds and fiery car ;
Mercy ! I melt ! I melt ! no tree, no bush,
No shelter ! not a breath of stirring air
East, West, or North, or South ! dear God of day,
Put on thy night-cap ! crop thy locks of light,
And be in the fashion ! turn thy back upon us,
And let thy beams flow upward ! make it night
Instead of noon ! one little miracle,
In pity, gentle Phœbus !
What a joy,
Oh what a joy to be a Seal and flounder
On an ice-island ! or to have a den
With the white bear, cavern'd in polar snow !
It were a comfort to shake hands with Death, . .
He has a rare cold hand ! to wrap one's self

In the gift shirt Deianeira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off; or toast cheese for Beelzebub,
That were a cool employment to this journey
Along a road whose white intensity
Would now make platina uncongelable
Like quicksilver.

Were it midnight, I should walk
Self-lanthorn'd, saturate with sun-beams. Jove!
O gentle Jove! have mercy, and once more
Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of heaven!
Give Boreas the wind-cholic, till he roars
For cardamum, and drinks down peppermint,
Making what's left as precious as Tokay.
Send Mercury to salivate the sky
Till it dissolves in rain. O gentle Jove!
But some such little kindness to a wretch
Who feels his marrow spoiling his best coat, . .
Who swells with calorique as if a Prester
Had leavened every limb with poison-yeast; . .
Lend me thine eagle just to flap his wings,
And fan me, and I will build temples to thee,
And turn true Pagan.

Not a cloud nor breeze, . .
O you most heathen Deities! if ever
My bones reach home (for, for the flesh upon them,
That hath resolved itself into a dew),
I shall have learnt owl-wisdom. Thou vile Phœbus,
Set me a Persian sun-idolater
Upon this turnpike road, and I'll convert him
With no inquisitorial argument
But thy own fires. Now woe be to me wretch,
That I was in a heretic country born!
Else might some mass for the poor souls that bleach,
And burn away the calx of their offences
In that great Purgatory crucible,
Help me. O Jupiter! my poor complexion!
I am made a copper-Indian of already,
And if no kindly cloud will parasol me,
My very cellular membrane will be changed, . .
I shall be negrofied.
A brook! a brook!
Oh what a sweet cool sound!
'Tis very nectar!
It runs like life thro' every strengthen'd limb!
Nymph of the stream, now take a grateful prayer.

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

Jacob! I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him
Were perfect in our nature! why dislike
The sow-born grunter? .. He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now I pray you
Hear the Pig's Counsel.
Is he obstinate?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit and not his. He hath not learnt
That Pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
And baconized; that he must please to give

Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps, hark Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of pork!
Their enemy is at hand.
Again. Thou say'st
The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
Those eyes have taught the Lover flattery.
His face, . . nay Jacob, Jacob! were it fair
To judge a Lady in her dishabille?
Fancy it drest, and with salt-petre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse;
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty, but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the Peacock's pride;
Give him the Swan's white breast; for his horn-hoofs
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose; . .

Jacob, thou can'st but make a monster of him,
All alteration man could think, would mar
His Pig-perfection.
The last charge, . . he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,
And show by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence.
The Pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged Epicure to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates is no more.
If matter be not, but as Sages say,
Spirit is all, and all things visible
Are one, the infinitely modified,
Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire
Wherein he stands knee-deep?
And there! that breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

The DANCING BEAR.

Recommended to the Advocates for the SLAVE-TRADE.

Rare music! I would rather hear cat-courtship
Under my bed-room window in the night,
Than this scraped cat-gut's screak. Rare dancing too!
Alas poor Bruin! How he foots the pole,
And waddles round it with unwieldy steps
Swaying from side to side!.. The dancing master
Hath had as profitless a pupil in him
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like clock-work
In musical obedience. Bruin! Bruin!
Thou art but a clumsy biped!.. and the mob
With noisy merriment mock his heavy pace,
And laugh to see him led by the nose;.. themselves
Led by the nose, embruted, and in the eye
Of Reason from their Natures purposes
As miserably perverted.

Bruin-Bear,
Now could I sonnetize thy piteous plight,
And prove how much my sympathetic heart
Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,
In fourteen lines of sensibility.
But we are told all things were made for man;
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blasphemy
To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert born
Bruin! for man, and man makes nothing of thee
In any other way,.. most logically
It follows, that thou must be born to dance;
That that great snout of thine was form'd on purpose
To hold a ring; and that thy fat was given thee
Only to make pomatum!
To demur
Were heresy. And politicians say,
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight,) that thou art here
Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snow for food; that being born
Inferiour to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact
Was made between ye, when thy clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up

His right to kill, conditioning thy life
Should thenceforth be his property: . . besides,
'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
From savage climes into a civilized state,
Into the decencies of Christendom. . . .
Bear! Bear! it passes in the Parliament
For excellent logic this! what if we say
How barbarously man abuses power,
Talk of thy baiting, it will be replied,
Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
But wert thou baited it would injure thee,
Therefore thou art not baited. For seven years
Hear it o Heaven, and give ear o Earth!
For seven long years this precious syllogism
Hath baffled justice and humanity!

The FILBERT.

Nay gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,
There is a maggot there, . . it is his house, . .
His castle, . . oh commit not burglary !
Strip him not naked, 'tis his cloaths, his shell,
His bones, the case and armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas !
It were an easy thing to crack that nut
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,
So easily may all things be destroyed !
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amused themselves
Watching two maggots run their wriggling race
And wagering on their speed ; but Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pampered worm
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,

Like to some Barber's leathern powder bag
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordained,
Increase not thou the number! him the Mouse
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shells defence
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the Nut-hatch piercing with strong bill
Unwittingly destroy; or to his hoard
The Squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes
As this poor Maggot hath, and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties and fears,
The Maggot knows not, Nicholas methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkernelled thus: never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, Jacobines, and Tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The Filbert Tree, and rock'd me to my rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! the perfection this

Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss,
And Stoic independance of mankind.

Miscellanies.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Gooseberry-Pie is best.
Full of the theme O Muse begin the song!
What tho' the sunbeams of the West
Mature within the Turtle's breast
Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?
What tho' the Deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the Park's elastic vest?
Give them their honours due, . .
But Gooseberry Pie is best.

Behind his oxen slow
The patient Ploughman plods.
And as the Sower followed by the clods
Earth's genial womb received the swelling seed.
The rains descend, the grains they grow;
Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green billows to the April gale?
The ripening gold with multitudinous motion
Sway o'er the summer vale?

It flows thro' Alder banks along
Beneath the copse that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the Mill.
Pass on a little way pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortur'd by the Tyrant Lord of Meal
The brook is broken on the Wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the sail
Ye winds enamour'd, lingering lie!
Ye waves of ocean spare the bark!
Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my Pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
The Vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceas'd thy blossoms little life of love.
O safer than the Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove, . .
No Dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable Porcupine!
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane! that I should dine!

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit,
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your Pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric Ode?

The BATTLE of PULTOWA.

On Vorskas glittering waves
The morning sun-beams play;
PULTOWA's walls are throng'd
With eager multitudes;
Athwart the dusty vale
They strain their aching eyes,
Where to the fight moves on
The Conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.

Him Famine hath not tamed
The tamer of the brave;
Him Winter hath not quell'd,
When man by man his veteran troops sunk down,
Frozen to their endless sleep,
He held undaunted on;
Him Pain hath not subdued,

What tho' he mounts not now
The fiery steed of war,
Borne on a litter to the fight he goes.

Go iron-hearted King!
Full of thy former fame.
Think how the humbled Dane
Crouch'd to thy victor sword;
Think how the wretched Pole
Resign'd his conquer'd crown;
Go iron-hearted King!
Let Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast, . .
The death-day of thy glory Charles, hath dawn'd;
Proud Swede, the Sun hath risen
That on thy shame shall set!

Now bend thine head from heaven,
Now Patkul be revenged!
For o'er that bloody Swede
Ruin hath rais'd his arm;
For ere the night descends,
His veteran host subdued,
His laurels blasted to revive no more,
He flies before the foe!

Long years of hope deceived
That conquered Swede must prove;
Patkul thou art avenged!
Long years of idleness
That restless soul must bear;
Patkul thou art avenged!
The Despot's savage anger took thy life,
Thy death has stabb'd his fame.

The DEATH of WALLACE.

Joy, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now;
Yes they can gaze upon those manly limbs
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

What tho' suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty revived,
What tho' ingenious vengeance lengthened life
To feel protracted death;

What tho' the hangman's hand
Grasped in his living breast the heaving heart,
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He called to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which he died
And that was joy in death!

Go Edward triumph now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of Heaven have fed.

Unrivalled, unopposed,
Go Edward full of glory to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul
Go Edward to thy God!

TO A FRIEND,

Enquiring if I would live over my youth again.

Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William! nay, not so!
In the warm joyaunce of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William! nay, not so!
Safe haven'd from the sea
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
When in his own dear home
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings
The thought of those far off
Hath made his eyes o'erflow
With no unmanly tears;
Delighted he recalls
Thro' what fair scenes his charmed feet have trod.
But ever when he tells of perils past,
And troubles now no more,
His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy
Flows rapid to his heart.

No, William! no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life,
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear,
I would not learn again
The wisdom by Experience hardly taught.
To me the past presents
No object for regret;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content;

The future, . . it is now the chearful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy;
When the dark night descends,
I willingly shall close my weary lids
Secure to wake again.

The DEAD FRIEND.

Not to the grave, not to the grave my Soul
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible!
The Spirit is not there
That kindled that dead eye,
That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that motionless hand
Has met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable, flesh
That moulders in the grave,
Earth, air and waters ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolv'd, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The Spirit is not there!

Often together have we talk'd of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The Soul outgrows them not,
We do not cast them off,
Oh if it could be so
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour
But in the evening walk
Think that he companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And tho' Remembrance wake a tear
There will be joy in grief.

HISTORY.

Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more;
For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow kind. O gentle Poesy,
Receive me from the court's polluted scenes,
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to your haunts, . . that I may nurse
My nature's better feelings, for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds!
I spake, when lo!
There stood before me in her majesty,
Clio, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her brow
Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she cried,
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,
That love sick Maids may weep upon thy page
In most delicious sorrow. Oh shame! shame!
Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind?

Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died ?
Boy ! boy ! deceive me not ! what if the tale
Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang,
What if Tiberius in his island stews,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen
With nobler feelings ? with a deeper love
For Freedom ? Yes, most righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crimes
And human misery ! let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee boy ! to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear,
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

The SOLDIER's FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!
Hark! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone, . .
It awes the very rabble multitude,
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense; . . the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd sounds
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here

Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place, no dear delights of home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father; he is gone,
Dropt from existence, like the withered leaf
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.
We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand! one favour'd mind
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man
Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour; like this soldier here,
His wonderous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

And there are
Who say that this is well! as God h s made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few! court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters that once a week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and tho' now
Toiling and troubled, tho' they pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things here
And feast with Dives. These are they O Lord!
Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood, . . blind at noon day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!
O my God!
I thank thee, with no Pharisaic pride
I thank thee that I am not such as these,
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself
And cries aloud against iniquity.

To a SPIDER.

Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore-perplext,
The subject of his verse:
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view,
But quietly like me spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, Sire of lies;
Hell's huge black Spider for mankind he lays
His toils as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs round the room
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen!
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught
But which the strong break through.
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams
So easily destroyed!
So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers sleep,
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
Soon shall Destruction sweep
His work away.

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong,
For Spider, thou art like the Poet poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains,
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

The OAK of our FATHERS.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty; the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its roots deeper, and flourish'd more fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread round,
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart was sound;
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

There crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk,
It struck in its mouths and its juices it drunk;
The branches grew sickly deprived of their food,
And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw and they gather'd around,
Its roots still were fast, and its heart still was sound;
They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound,
They have loosened the roots, tho' the heart may be sound;
What the travellers at distance green-flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that poisoned the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

The OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

And how he gained them.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are chearful, and love to converse upon death!
Now tell me the reason I pray.

I am chearful, young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.

The EBB TIDE.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlaboured boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helms-man sits to guide
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-ward way
Thro' wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The wisdom emblemed in thy varying way;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms that long have stood
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
Ebb to their ruin fast.

So tardily appears
The course of time to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

The HOLLY TREE.

O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheists sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes
And moralize!
And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, tho' abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see
What then so chearful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as chearful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

English Eclogues.

The LAST of the FAMILY.

JAMES.

What Gregory! you are come I see to join us
On this sad business.

GREGORY.

Aye, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man!
Where shall we meet the corpse?

JAMES.

Some hour from hence;
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave!
This morning when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.

GREGORY.

Well, well! my friend,
'Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years!..

JAMES.

And then the family
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone!
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations!—many a time
Poor Master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me and lead me
To the great family tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors,
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Crecy in King Edward's wars;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

GREGORY.

This comes of your great schools

And college breeding. Plague upon his guardians
That would have made him wiser than his fathers!

JAMES.

If his poor father, Gregory! had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book learning, but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that: but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow?

GREGORY.

I remember
Eight months ago when the young Squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof, . . aye! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

JAMES.

Poor young man! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family!
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five and forty years. I lived with them

When his good father brought my Lady home,
And when the young Squire was born, it did me good
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow...
I feel it Gregory, heavier than the weight
Of threescore years. He was a noble lad,
I loved him dearly.

GREGORY.

Every body loved him,
Such a fine, generous, open-hearted Youth!
When he came home from school at holydays,
How I rejoiced to see him! he was sure
To come and ask of me what birds there were
About my fields; and when I found a covey,
There's not a testy Squire preserves his game
More charily, than I have kept them safe
For Master Edward. And he look'd so well
Upon a fine sharp morning after them,
His brown hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
With such a wholesome ruddiness,.. ah James
But he was sadly changed when he came down
To keep his birth-day.

JAMES.

Chang'd! why Gregory,
'Twas like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd

Out of the carriage. He was grown so thin,
His cheek so delicate sallow, and his eyes
Had such a dim and rakish hollowness;
And when he came to shake me by the hand
And spoke as kindly to me as he used,
I hardly knew the voice.

GREGORY.

It struck a damp
On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble Ox
That smoak'd before us, and the old October
Went merrily in overflowing cans;
But 'twas a skin-deep merriment. My heart
Seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank
His health, the thought came over me what cause
We had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.
Poor Gentleman! to think ten months ago
He came of age, and now!

JAMES.

I fear'd it then,
He look'd to me as one that was not long
For this world's business.

GREGORY.

When the Doctor sent him
Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
That all was over. There's but little hope

Methinks that foreign parts can help a man
When his own mother-country will not do.
The last time he came down, these bells rung so
I thought they would have rock'd the old steeple down;
And now that dismal toll! I would have staid
Beyond its reach, but this was a last duty,
I am an old tenant of the family,
Born on the estate, and now that I've out-lived it, . .
Why 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new Squire?

JAMES.

But little,
And that not well. But be he what he may
Matters not much to me. The love I bore
To the good family will not easily fix
Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
Is it not the funeral?

GREGORY.

'Tis I think, some horsemen.
Aye! there are the black cloaks; and now I see
The white plumes on the herse.

JAMES.

Between the trees;—
'Tis hid behind them now.

GREGORY.

Aye! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following, we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next!

JAMES.

God above knows!
When youth is summon'd what must age expect!
God make us ready Gregory! when it comes.

THE WEDDING.

TRAVELLER.

I pray you wherefore are the village bells
Ringing so merrily?

WOMAN.

A wedding Sir,
Two of the village folk. And they are right
To make a merry time on't while they may.
Come twelve-months hence, I warrant them they'd go
To church again more willingly than now
So all might be undone.

TRAVELLER.

An ill-match'd pair
So I conceive you. Youth perhaps and age?

WOMAN.

No,.. both are young enough.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps the man then,
A lazy idler, one who better likes
The alehouse than his work?

WOMAN.

Why Sir, for that
He always was a well-conditioned lad,
One who'd work hard and well; and as for drink,
Save now and then mayhap at Christmas time,
Sober as wife could wish.

TRAVELLER.

Then is the girl
A shrew, or else untidy. One who'd welcome
Her husband with a rude unruly tongue,
Or drive him from a foul and wretched home
To look elsewhere for comfort. Is it so?

WOMAN.

She's notable enough, and as for temper
The best good-humour'd girl! d'ye see that house?
There by the aspin tree whose grey leaves shine
In the wind? she lived a servant at the farm,
And often as I came to weeding here,
I've heard her singing as she milk'd her cows
So chearfully, .. I did not like to hear her,

Because it made me think upon the days
When I had got as little on my mind,
And was as chearful too. But she would marry,
And folks must reap as they have sown. God help her!

TRAVELLER.

Why Mistress, if they both are well inclined,
Why should not both be happy?

WOMAN.

They've no money.

TRAVELLER.

But both can work; and sure as chearfully
She'd labour for herself as at the farm.
And he wo'nt work the worse because he knows
That she will make his fire-side ready for him,
And watch for his return.

WOMAN.

All very well,
A little while.

TRAVELLER.

And what if they are poor?
Riches ca'nt always purchase happiness,
And much we know will be expected there
Where much was given.

WOMAN.

All this I have heard at church!
And when I walk in the church-yard, or have been
By a death bed, 'tis mighty comforting.
But when I hear my children cry for hunger
And see them shiver in their rags, .. God help me!
I pity those for whom these bells ring up
So merrily upon their wedding day,
Because I think of mine.

TRAVELLER.

You have known trouble,
These haply may be happier.

WOMAN.

Why for that
I've had my share; some sickness and some sorrow,
Well will it be for them to know no worse.
Yet had I rather hear a daughter's knell
Than her wedding peal, Sir, if I thought her fate
Promised no better things.

TRAVELLER.

Sure, sure, good Woman,
You look upon the world with jaundiced eyes!
All have their cares; those who are poor want wealth,
Those who have wealth want more, so are we all

Dissatisfied, yet all live on, and each
Has his own comforts.

WOMAN.

Sir! d'ye see that horse
Turn'd out to common here by the way side?
He's high in bone, you may tell every rib
Even at this distance. Mind him! how he turns
His head, to drive away the flies that feed
On his gall'd shoulder! there's just grass enough
To disappoint his whetted appetite.
You see his *comforts* Sir!

TRAVELLER.

A wretched beast!
Hard labour and worse usage he endures
From some bad master. But the lot of the poor
Is not like his.

WOMAN.

In truth it is not Sir!
For when the horse lies down at night, no cares
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams;
He knows no quarter-day, and when he gets
Some musty hay or patch of hedge-row grass,
He has no hungry children to claim part
Of his half meal!

TRAVELLER.

'Tis idleness makes want,
And idle habits. If the man will go
And spend his evenings by the ale-house fire,
Whom can he blame if there is want at home?

WOMAN.

Aye! idleness! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries! is it idleness I pray you
That brings the fever or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
Turn at the dry bread and potatoe meal?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants? six years agone, these bells
Rung on my wedding day, and I was told
What I might look for,.. but I did not heed
Good counsel. I had lived in service Sir,
Knew never what it was to want a meal;
Laid down without one thought to keep me sleepless
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday
My linen gown, and when the pedlar came
Could buy me a new ribbon:.. and my husband,..
A towardly young man and well to do,
He had his silver buckles and his watch,

There was not in the village one who look'd
Sprucer on holydays. We married Sir,
And we had children, but as wants increas'd
Wages did not. The silver buckles went,
So went the watch, and when the holyday coat
Was worn to work,. no new * one in its place.
For me—you see my rags! but I deserve them,
For wilfully like this new-married pair
I went to my undoing.

TRAVELLER.

But the Parish—

---

* A farmer once told the Author of Malvern Hills, "that he almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing. Young men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married and had a family when he had observed that their silver buttons, buckles and watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday's clothes became common without any other to supply their place,—*but*, said he, *some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get.*"

Note to Cottle's MALVERN HILLS.

WOMAN.

Aye, it falls heavy there, and yet their pittance
Just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse,
A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

TRAVELLER.

Is this your child?

WOMAN.

Aye Sir, and were he drest
And clean, he'd be as fine a boy to look on
As the Squire's young master. These thin rags of his
Let comfortably in the summer wind;
But when the winter comes, it pinches me
To see the little wretch! I've three besides,
And,.. God forgive me! but I often wish
To see them in their coffins... God reward you!
God bless you for your charity!

TRAVELLER.

You have taught me
To give sad meaning to the village bells!

Inscriptions.

I.

For a Monument at OXFORD.

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walk'd
Uprightly thro' the world, proud thoughts of joy
Will fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
From the right path, if thou hast sold thy soul,
And served, a hireling, with apostate zeal,
The cause thy heart disowns, . . oh ! cherish well
The honourable shame that sure this place
Will wake within thee, timely penitent,
And let the future expiate the past.

II.

For a Monument in the VALE *of* EWIAS.

Here was it Stranger, that the patron Saint
Of Cambria past his age of penitence,
A solitary man ; and here he made
His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink
Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
Has read with eager wonder how the Knight
Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
Slept the long sleep : and if that in thy veins
Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Hath flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale
Of David's deeds, when thro' the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his green crest
To conquest. Stranger ! Hatterill's mountain heights
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise
More grateful, thus associate with the name
Of David and the deeds of other days.

III.

EPITAPH on ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Here Sidney lies, he whom perverted law
The pliant jury and the bloody judge
Doom'd to the traitor's death. A tyrant King
Required, an abject country saw and shar'd
The crime. The noble cause of Liberty
He loved in life, and to that noble cause
In death bore witness. But his country rose
Like Sampson from her sleep and broke her chains,
And proudly with her worthies she enrolled
Her murdered Sidney's name. The voice of man
Gives honour or destroys; but earthly power
Gives not, nor takes away, the self applause
Which on the scaffold suffering virtue feels,
Nor that which God appointed its reward.

IV.

EPITAPH on KING JOHN.

John rests below. A man more infamous
Never hath held the sceptre of these realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power,
The oppressed men of England. Englishman!
Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd
That charter which should make thee morn and night
Be thankful for thy birth-place:... Englishman!
That holy charter, which, should'st thou permit
Force to destroy, or Fraud to undermine,
Thy chldiren's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

V.

In a FOREST.

Stranger! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
Devoted with no unrequited zeal
To Nature. Here, delighted he has heard
The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
Melodious to the gale of summer move;
And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock,
With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,
Often reclined; watching the silent flow
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals
Along its verdant course, . . till all around
Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,
And ever sooth'd in spirit he return'd
A happier, better, man. Stranger, perchance,
Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye
Will glide along, and to the summer gale
The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou then
The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

VI.

For a MONUMENT at TAUNTON.

They perish'd here whom Jefferies doom'd to death
In mockery of all justice, when he came
The bloody Judge, the minion of his King,
Commission'd to destroy. They perish'd here
The victims of that Judge, and of that King,
In mockery of all justice perish'd here,
Unheard! but not unpitied, nor of God
Unseen, the innocent suffered! not in vain
The innocent blood cried vengeance! for they rose,
At length the People in their power arose,
Resistless. Then that bloody Judge took flight,
Disguis'd in vain: . . not always is the Lord
Slow to revenge! a miserable man
He fell beneath the people's rage, and still
The children curse his memory. From his throne
The sullen bigot who commission'd him,

Tyrannic James was driven. He lived to drag
Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load
More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame,
And that immortal day when on thy shores
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead!

VII.

For a TABLET at PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to thy mind
O Reader? hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thy young Fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,
Shar'd all their hopes, and with a breathless joy
Whose eager expectation almost pain'd,
Followed their dangerous fortunes? if such lore
Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted. It grew up a stately oak,

And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when his perishable part
Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Lives and shall live, immortalized in song.

THE END.

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Southey , Robert
Metrical tales

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